Pac. School of Religion Berkeley, Calif.
Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room
2223 Atherton st

THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXVIII. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1918. No. 37.

THE CITY OF PEACE.

Beyond the verge of the iron years,
Where the Past and Present meet,
Where the dreams we dreamed in the
golden days
Hover on shining feet,
Lies, foursquare, in a land of calm,
Untravelled, strange, untrod,
A City set on the heights serene—
The timeless City of God.

Here, in the region of strife and storm,
Weary, perplext by Fate,
With journeyings sore, in perils oft,
Our spirits watch—and wait;
Yet ever, above the clouds that veil
That pathway still untrod,
The Gates of the City stand unbarred—
The Gates of the City of God.

—Edward Henry Blackeney.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.
FOR CONGREGATIONALISM AND THE CHURCH KINGDOM.

The Pacific is Published Weekly by The Pacific Publishing Company, 45 Ecker Street, San Francisco. Entered as Second-Class Matter at San Francisco Post Office. Yearly subscription, $1.50.

Board of Directors:

G. W. Scott, I. H. Morse, C. H. Ham, H. H. Wikoff, F. J. Van Horn, C. L. Kloss, F. P. Cole, C. D. Wilbur, D. H. Dexter. President, H. H. Wikoff; Vice President, D. H. Dexter; W. W. Ferrier, Secretary and Treasurer.

W. W. FERRIER - - - - - - EDITOR
2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley

Contributing Editors:

HENRY KINGMAN - - - - Claremont, Cal.
JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM - - - Berkeley, Cal.
ARTHUR B. PATTEN, - - Forest Grove, Oregon.
JONATHAN EDWARDS - - Spokane, Washington.
CHARLES L. KLOSS - - - - Oakland, Cal.
BYRON H. STAUFFER - - - San Francisco.
CHESTER FERRIS - - - Santa Barbara, Cal.
E. ALONZO KING - - - - San Jose, Cal.
WILLIAM NORRIS BURR - - - Pomona, Cal.
RAYMOND C. BROOKS - - - , Berkeley Cal.
ALBERT W. PALMER - - - Honolulu, H. T.

"GENTLEMEN, DO YOU MEAN BUSINESS?"

In his first Sunday evening sermon in Westminster Chapel, London, the Rev. Dr. Jowett made use of these words, referring to the fact that they were the words of Henry Drummond some years ago to a class of divinity students. We do not know what Dr. Jowett said in detail to the men to whom he thus spoke in Westminster Chapel, nor what Drummond said at that time to the divinity students. We can readily imagine some of the things that were said by these devout men of God. What we desire to do now with this question is to put it to the preachers and the laymen in our churches—"Gentlemen, do you mean business?"

John R. Mott said not long ago that he would rather live in the next ten years than in any time in the past of which he had ever known or read. This is a day of remarkable opportunity, and men in all the walks of life should be alert. The call is for spiritual preparedness. Elsewhere in The Pacific this week will be found what we regard as a much needed clarion call to both ministers and laymen. Here we wish to reinforce it by what some others are saying.

First, as to the minister. In a recent number of the Biblical World, President Ozora Davis of Chicago Theological Seminary wrote: "Ministers must wake up and get superbly alive now, or they are lost. They must read and reason and decide critical questions. . . . Ministers must feel the movements of the age and evaluate the changes that are taking place in the world around them. . . . Time must be made for reading, for serious thinking, for painstaking sermon preparation. These are dangerous days for the man who is fluent in speech and can easily get away with a public address. Almost any one can consume the time set apart for the sermon in the order of public worship; too few men can really preach a clarifying, moving, and convincing sermon that shall set confused minds straight and bring them to great decisions. But this is the kind of preaching that we must have if the Christian church is to serve the present generation in the place of its supreme need."

President Davis writes further: "Here is our civilization faced with the most searching questions and exigent problems of history; here is the church even in the smallest community charged with the sacred and solemn responsibility of creating the ideals that will guide the nation into the great day of reconstruction. . . . If there is a preacher anywhere who is contented in these earnest days to go on saying over the same old words, going through the same old motions, it would seem as if he had embalmed his own mind and soul in anticipation of an inevitable resignation which the community in due time would reckon as no loss. . . . To help create public opinion today is the greatest privilege that has ever come to the preacher."

And what now for the layman? First, these words of Christ: "I am among you as he that serveth." And: "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my father who is in heaven."

And next, from an article on "Christ and Democracy," by Professor Arthur S. Hoyt of Auburn Theological Seminary: "The Calvary of war must be followed by a new life of the peoples or Christ is not risen and the sacrificial life is in vain. . . . A better democracy than we now know must be the compensation for this measureless cost. . . . No country has reached the final goal of democracy. Surely we cannot claim to have done so. He is a vain and superficial patriot who presents America as the ideal of the world. We are not unmindful of our blessings. We are grateful for our country as the best experiment in democracy, but it is not good enough to be respected through the ages. There are too many unjust conditions here. Too many necessities of life have been cornered by privilege and power. Too many are forced to live and work in ways that threaten 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' The will of the people is too often mistrusted and defeated by an 'invisible power.' The very Constitution has been placed in the way of democratic advance."

It is Professor Hoyt's judgment that the problems of the new democracy can be met only by the spirit of Christ, and that the Church must be "something more vital than the apologist and policeman of an existing order."

"Democracy in itself is not the dreamed-of good, the goal of social progress. It is, what kind of democracy? No form of society requires such social wisdom, such self-restraint, such devotion to the larger good. Demos can be more unjust and cruel than kaiser or czar. It is only a new man that can save democracy. None are fit to govern, but the wise and good; and democracy of the foolish and evil of all possible governments is the worst."

Gentlemen—minister and layman—what the world needs is the democracy of Christ! The only rule that can save this discordant world is the rule of Christian Brotherhood.

When at one time in the Protestant Reformation in Europe, Prince Wolfgang van Anhalt was about to set out for a convocation at Augsburg and friends remonstrated with him, he said to them: "Many a time have I ridden to war to help my friends, so now for once I will take horse for the Lord Christ." That is the call of today—take horse for the Lord Christ!

EMERGING FROM BONDAGE.

Everywhere today there are persons who fail to realize that in and through this world war men are emerging from bondages which have long held humanity in check, and they fondly cherish the idea that when the war is over the same old scheme of things will be restored and will go on for all time. They would put the fetters on again.

"O men that forge the fetter, it is vain:
There is a Still Hand stronger than your chain."

THE TREND OF THE AGE AND WHAT IT DEMANDS OF US.

It is only mentally blind persons who do not discern the trend of life in the age in which we are living. The last number of the International Journal of Ethics contained an article by Professor Ralph Barton Perry of Harvard University on "What Do We Mean by Democracy?" It was in the main an address which was given by him at the Semi-Centenary of the University of California. It presents so admirably the way along which the people of this country must move that we give here a summary of some of the thought.

After setting forth what democracy as a social ideal means, Professor Perry asks: "Now, do we **really mean it?**" He says: "The fact is we have long since committed ourselves to it. We have encouraged the poor to aspire to wealth, the ignorant to seek light and the weak to covet power. We have done more than this—we have shown the way. For we have compelled every man to secure the rudiments of education and thus to become aware of the world about him. We permit the organization of the democratic propaganda, we supply the motive and we bring every man within the reach of it. Last and most important of all we have distributed political power equally among men of every station and condition, with the result that the very few who are fortunate may at any time be outvoted by the overwhelming majority of those who are relatively unfortunate." And Professor Perry asks: "Does any sane man suppose that what has been scattered broadcast can now be withdrawn? Or that those who possess the opportunity and know it are going to refrain from using it?" He expresses then the belief that there are not very many Americans who would withdraw the pledge and profession of democracy if they could. "We have not lost conviction. We need only the courage to see it through."

We are told, then that our courage will be tried by the internal readjustments which will be necessary, which are already proving necessary, in so far as social democracy goes forward. "It would be fatuous to shut our eyes to the fact that social democracy will have to be paid for," writes Professor Perry. He asks pointedly, personally, "Are we prepared to pay by surrendering personal advantages that we now enjoy?" He continues: "We are like Artemus Ward, ready to sacrifice our wife's relations on the altar of our country. But this sacrifice will touch our affections more nearly. Most of those who read these words would lose materially by a more equal distribution of opportunity, wealth, and power. Now if we enjoy more than the average good fortune, are we willing that it shall be curtailed until such time as those who enjoy only the minimum shall be abreast of us? Are we willing to give up our own dear and familiar satisfactions? Or are we democratic only in so far as we expect to gain by it? Are we democratic only in a rhetorical and vaguely sentimental sense, as many profess Christianity or mean to be 'good'? If so, we are not ready for the future. This is a time to retrench, not merely in the consumption of luxuries, but in the desire for them. The whole of democracy will be less indulgent to us than the half of it we have so far achieved. Without some previous self-discipline we shall many of us greet the dawn with a very wry face. But in so far as we have learned to live more austerely, and to find our happiness in those things which are not diminished by being widely shared, we may in the time to come have the heart to be cheerful despite the realization of our idals."

The foregoing is but a sample of what men of thought occupying positions of influence are saying today all over the land. There is a leaven at work which is bound to bring great changes.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Synod of California maintains at 2700 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, what is often spoken of as "The House of Friendliness"—headquarters for Presbyterian young people attending the University. The registrations at "Westminster House" last year totaled 1195. The Rev. Lewis B. Hillis is University Pastor.

The Rev. Dr. E. E. Hall, who has been the western district secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions for nine years, with headquarters in San Francisco, goes East next month to take the position of general secretary of the Missionary Education Movement—a place vacated in January by Mr. Harry Wade Hicks.

Probably a complete federation of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches at Port Angeles, Washington, has been effected by this time. The tentative arrangement made about a year ago having worked satisfactorily, the federated council framed recently a plan for complete federation, adoption of which, according to a Port Angeles paper, was expected immediately by the two societies.

The largest Christian Endeavor Society in California is in the Central Christian Church of San Diego—the membership being 284. The Friends Church at Whittier has the largest intermediate society, the membership being 172. The Berkeley Presbyterian C. E. society gave the largest amount to missions during the year preceding the convention at Sacramento—$667.

More than a year ago twenty Chinese Intermediate Christian Endeavorers in Berkeley began to save money so as to be able to attend the State Convention at Sacramento. Their savings amounted when counted a short time before the convention to more than one hundred dollars and they had at Sacramento one of the great joys of their young lives.

"The war has been like John the Baptist, coming to prepare the way of the Lord," remarked Canon Adderly in a London address. In the same address he said as to London's slums: "The Christian point of view is that slums are unjust and unfair to the people God has made." And he asked poitedly: "Will a man say, because he is a Christian, 'I am my brother's keeper? or feel that he cannot go to the altar unless he has done his share to reform the world from sweating, capitalism, slums?'

In a recent service at the King's Weigh House Church in London, the Rev. Constance Coltman, a woman associate in the work of the church, voiced this petition: "O God, we confess to thee our present sins. We mourn the manifest lowering of public spirit and tone amongst us—especially in the shameful proposals now before parliament which vainly seek to make vice easier by the dishonoring of men and women. We deplore the blurring of the clear vision, the shedding of the high hopes that once were ours. Pardon us, for the sake of Jesus Christ, the redeemer of the world.

After a recent visit to the San Francisco Bay region a secretary of the Presbyterian board of home missions writes that a new day appears to have opened for Presbyterian Church work in the Bay region. As to San Francisco he says: "This is a difficult field, and will require patience, perseverance and all other graces to achieve that success for which the men are praying and working. I leave San Francisco with a most hopeful feeling as to the future of our work there. It will require the backing of the whole Church to make this city as beautiful morally as

it is physically, but it can be done, and there must be no halt in the drive we are now making." And as to the whole Bay region the secretary writes: "A very different condition found there now from that which I found two years ago, when I found a divided constituency, a discouraged people and a sense of loneliness among the men: but now no one was found to sound the minor note, but all were hopeful and enthusiastic."

In an article on Theological Seminary Consolidations, in The Christian work, George Perry Morris declares as to the Congregational seminaries that "all the grounds of argument for distinct institutions at Bangor, Cambridge, Hartford, and New Haven that originally had to do with geography are puerile and unconvincing at a crisis like the present or with the world as it is to be for years to come." Nor, in his judgment, do the variations in dogmatic theology as taught in the four institutions justify "going on forever" as they are now. He declares that an "economy board," doing for the denomination what a similar organization is doing in Washington for the government would say to the four groups of trustees, teachers, alumni, and donors, "Get together. You have no moral justification for being four in number. As for three or two survivors, that is detail." Mr. Morris touches on a statement that was made at the last commencement season of Andover Seminary, indicating a possible federaton of the Protestant theological seminaries of Boston.

Mr. James A. Moore, Seattle's great promoter during the years from 1892 to 1912 has decided on the advice of physicians not to relocate in that city. He has been residing in Florida for the last five years. Recently he visited Seattle for the first time since he left there several years ago and received an ovation from the citizens . Flattering offers of co-operation in great enterprises were made him if he would remain. Last week he wrote from Los Angeles stating that it would be necessary for him to remain somewhere in the South. Remarking that he was tremendously impressed with the wonderful industrial development of Seattle during the few past years, he gave a warning as to the future immediately after the war if steps were not taken for a more permanent industry than that of shipbuilding for war needs. Plans must be laid, he said for the future employment of the 50,000 men now building ships or they would prove a menace rather than an asset. A great steel plant, in his judgment, is needed to make ship building a permanent industry in Seattle. Mr. Moore was for many years of his life in Seattle a member of Plymouth Congregational Church and a generous giver to church work at home and abroad.

The Anti-Saloon League in California is devoting its energies in the effort to secure in the next legislature the ratification of the national prohibition amendment. Superintendent Gandier predicts success—in fact, it seems practically assured. The Prohibition party led in getting a bone-dry amendment on the ballot. It is not likely that it will carry, for there can be at this time no united energetic effort to that end. However every friend of temperance ought to vote for it. The manager of the bone-dry federation stated recently: "We are on the ballot with the biggest petition ever filed in California and we are going into the contest determined to win. Those who do not fall into line will have the future for explanations. The National Dry Federation is behind us with all its energy. Dr. Charles Scanlon, its Secretary, also secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Temperance of the U. S., says: "I am truly glad prohibition is on the ballot in California. I congratulate you and your colleagues on your success. I am absolutely against the Rominger bill and the opposition of the Presbyterian Board and the National Dry Federation will not simply be passive; we are actively and aggressively against. Push your battle to the limit. You are right and ought to win."

Only two per cent of the boys and girls born in Nevada remain in that state after they reach their majority. Dr. Wilson of the Methodist Church says that this exodus of the young people is a great drawback to church work. "There are only four branches of the Epworth League in the whole state. The Sunday schools are well attended, but they are not laying a foundation for our work in the future. As soon as their members are old enough to be effective in the church, their ambition drives them away from home. We have to depend on the old settlers, who are slowly dying out, and on the families emigrating from the East." It is the judgment of Dr. Wilson that this could be remedied to considerable extent by making Nevada more attractive to the young people. "It is not that there is no opportunity for them here. The resources of the state are only half developed. But there is so little good social life and so little chance for cultural advancement that the boys and girls become discouraged. Nevada is losing her best blood just because she is neglecting the demands of youth. A great part of the responsibility lies with the church. In many communities the church is the only center for social life and cultural influences. With our pastors receiving an average salary of $750 a year, it is impossible for us to meet this problem adequately. Some of the smaller towns have services only once in four years." The Methodist Centenary program for Nevada includes raising the pastors' salaries to $1,200 a year, providing churches in many districts now untouched by any religious work, providing automobiles for the men on circuits, and assuring every community in the State of a service at least once in three months.

A Grangeville, Idaho, correspondent of the Pacific Christian Advocate, of Portland, in an article on "Over-Churching and Federation," states that the most difficult problem in the Pacific Northwest, in the over-churched communities is to enter into satisfactory arrangements with the immersionist churches. Writing of Nez Perce he says. "Occasionally a situation is found where a part of the church forces of the town can thus unite in a community church, while those of a different way of thinking proceed as before. For example, Nez Perce, Idaho, had until recently five churches, Methodist, Presbyterian, two immersionist bodies and the Roman Catholic. The Presbyterians volunteered to turn their membership and their property over to the Methodist on condition that he later would see that the Presbyterian Board of Church Erection was reimbursed for the money it had expended there. The offer was accepted and the result is a strong, aggressive Methodist organization, housed in an adequate new brick-veneer building. From the Methodist standpoint the Nez Perce problem has reached an almost ideal solution. Incidentally, though, the writer sometimes wonders if it would look so ideal to us had the Methodists gone en masse over to the Presbyterians instead of vice versa. In other words, are we as broad minded ourselves as we like to see our sister churches." It is stated that at Grangeville the Methodist-Presbyterian federation is more harmonious than many single churches are." Not a leading laymen of either wing of the federation, it is said, would consider any proposition to return to the former way and conditions.

Nothing is well done unless you have done your best.

IS THE FAITH OF JESUS A FAITH THAT CAN BE WORKED? IS THE GOSPEL A GOSPEL THAT MEN CAN LIVE BY?

This is the real issue of our time, says the Rev. Raymond Calkins in his book, "The Christian Idea in the Modern World": "Is the faith of Jesus a faith that can be worked? Is the Gospel a gospel that men can live by—a gospel that will show the world how it ought to live and help the world to live it?" Mr. Calkins declares that not a few persons have reached a conclusion which he presents as follows: "It is, they say, next to impossible to find a single man who literally and absolutely pretends to obey the teachings of Jesus. An actual and utter Christian would perish today just as Christ did and so be a conclusive argument against Christianity. The fact is, they say, that Christianity is away over our heads—so much so as to be absolutely impossible as a program of life."

Mr. Calkins presents as the central conception of Christianity "the principle of love, of brotherliness, of co-operation, of service one to another—the principle which declares that not only self-love, or self-interest, but the love of one's neighbor as oneself and interest in others as well as in ourselves is the true way of life, the true principle of conduct."

"I am among you as he that serveth." The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister." "If any man desire to be first, he shall be last." "We are members one of another." "Beloved, let us love one another."

So the teaching runs all through the gospels and the epistles, and is recognized today as being the cardinal principle, the root idea of the Christian life.

But, it is precisely this idea, says the author of ths book, "The Christian Idea in the Modern World," which we find most stoutly challenged today. "It is about this idea that multitudes have become skeptical. It is precisely of this idea that men are asking today, 'Is it true? Do we believe it? Will it work? Is anybody trying to practice it? * * * Many voices have been lifted up in our day to urge that it is not true. We are told on the one hand that it is not true to our human nature, as we say, to love our neighbor as we love ourselves. It is a principle that is foreign to our real selves; it contradicts the essential genius of our natures and deflects the natural current of our lives. There is, we are told, but one pure, sincere human impulse—and that is the will to live; the will to power. And the only honest morality, the only morality that has no taint of insincerity and no hint of fiction or of subterfuge about it, is the one which recognizes self-interest as the only legitimate human impulse; which not only recognizes it, but lives by it, gives it the right-of-way in one's life, and does not try to graft a hypocritical kind of benevolent love upon it."

Now what needs to be understood right here is that Mr. Calkins sees this idea breaking out not only in war in Europe, but he discerns its baneful workings everywhere. "It is seen in the general idea that success is the proof of value; that the man we admire after all is the man who arrives. It is seen in the tendency to worship the rising sun; in the dictum, 'our country right if possible, but our country right or wrong.' It is seen in the modern jingoism which, under the guise of patriotism, relies on money, on ships and on guns. * * * It is seen in modern industrialism, which is really on a war-footing, with battles, dynamite murder, strikes, lockouts and boycots for its daily story. It is seen in the arrogance of races, pretending to be superior to other races, where prejudice and hatred flame up in passion and end in outrage and murder. Everywhere in our day a true Christian morality—the morality of Jesus, of the Gospel, of the Sermon on the Mount is seen to be on the defensive if it is not in retreat. Everywhere existing conditions seem to be but a mockery and a travesty of the teachings, of the life, of the message of the gospel of him who said, 'I am among you as he that serveth.' "

All in all the author of this book believes that "Christianity is engaged in a struggle today which involves its very life." And yet: "Out of this struggle Christianity is destined to emerge ennobled and purified."

How, by what process, it may be asked, is Christianity to emerge ennobled and puriled? This is shown in articles on "My Brother's Keeper," and "The Meaning of Sacrifice."

One of many is quoted thus: "Self-love is the only practical motive in life. Altruism is essentially unscientific." Dr. Calkins asks: "Is it unscientific in the sense that it is untrue to our human nature? Is it unscienific in the sense that it will not work in actual human relationships, but exists, when it exists a all, as a Utopian, a visionary, and an unattainable ideal?" These questions, he says, involve the very life of Christianity; that, if these assertions can be proved, the religion of Jesus simply ceases to exist as the religion of thoughtful men; that it is here that the issue must be joined; that it is here at the very bottom and center of human nature that the Christian ethics and the religion of Jesus must have a foundation, if at all, on which it can rest; if altruism is unsound the foundation of the religion of Jesus is gone. The author proceeds to show the verdict of the Bible, of physical science, and of life itself.

"On almost its first page the Bible renders its verdict. When, for the first time, it puts two men face to face, we are told that their natural relation was that of brothers. Their unnatural relation was that of enemies. Co-operation was the primitive instinctive relationship. The self-interest which destroyed that relationship was unnatural and unnecessary."

And then this link is forged: "The Bible teaching and the teaching of Jesus on this point stand on solid ground. One of the most remarkable agreements between the teaching of the Bible and the teaching of Christ on the one hand, and the findings of modern science on the other hand, lies right at this point. Whether we look to physical science or to moral science, we find their teachings to be the same: association, co-operation, combination is the normal and natural relation whether of things or beings. We can talk, for example, about atoms and even electrons and even find means of counting and weighing them; but their main interest and importance lies in their relations to other units of matter. When we come to study them we find that they co-exist with other units acting and reacting in association, according to the laws of their being. It is foolish to say that originally each acted for or by itself * * * Physical science does not know about any such thing as self-existence or self-interest in the units of our material world. And it is true of human beings. It is as false to suppose that the original unit of society is the separae individual, as that the unit of organic life is the separate atom or the single cell. It is when we reach the combination of cells that we have life, and when we reach a combination of lives that we have society. And if we care to study the story of evolution according to the strictest sect of the scientists, we do not find that altruism has had no part in it; that the consideration of the other man has nothing to do with it. Darwin himself never pretended that self-love, self-interest, the survival of the fittest alone could account for the evolution of the race. On the contrary, he declared that the evolution of human society demands co-operation as truly as it demands natural selection. We must bring powers into play, he declared, to arrest the unchecked process of purely natural selection."

We are led, then, one step farther: "If the doctrine that self-interest is the only genuine impulse in life contradicts

the verdict of science, let us remember, too, that it contradicts the verdict of life itself. * * * If we look into the human heart we do find the will to live and the will to power. But we find something else, also. We find the will to love. * * * The heart itself rises up to rebel against the claim that self-interest is the only genuine impulse. The will to love is just as genuine as the will to live. The Thou is as real as the I."

Dr. Calkins includes in his article on "My Brother's Keeper" that the two most certain facts about man are his individuality and his solidarity, that we who are many are one body, and that no morality, no religion, can be true, no movement can succeed which fails to tell men that to ignore the instinct which impels them to live in brotherly association with their fellows will result as disastrously both for human society and themselves as to ignore the impulse which prompts them to live out each his own separate individual life..

In the article on "The Meaning of Sacrifice," it is declared that one can no more escape self-sacrifice than he can escape life, that they go together. "Every day and hour of a man's life, in every casual act, in every chance decision, in every choice of his life, sacrifice is to be found. Either he is laying down his lesser life to realize his larger life; or he is laying down, losing his larger life in order to foster or promote his lesser life."

With reference to Jesus, our ensample, it is said: "He could not save his own comfort, popularity, friends, happiness life—and at the same time the welfare, the comfort and the salvation of men. Between the two he made his choice. The cross is the supreme illustration of the sacrifice of the lesser life in order to win the larger life that includes the lives of other men."

It was this that gave Jesus the name that is above every other name.

The final words in the article on "The Meaning of Sacrifice" are: "The self which is preserved and fostered by our love for others is the larger and nobler self inherent in every man, but brought into being and developed into beauty and power in proportion as the principle of love for others sways and controls his life. Self-interest—that is, if we crowd into that idea of self all that it will hold—instead of being opposed to the idea of service and sacrifice, really depends upon it. We cannot truly love our best selves unless we love our brother also. The will to live includes the will to love."

GETTING DOWN TO BRASS TACKS.

By Byron Stauffer.

Which means that the first day home from vacation is irksome. There is nothing before the house as it were. I had little ready for the first Sunday morning except a hymn which I was bent on having sung after the sermon. "Up to the Hills Around do I Lift Up my Longing Eyes." I put that down as a beacon light to steer by. Yes, and I have a Scripture Lesson too, for Sunday evening, the Healing of the Centurion's Servant. Aye, and a Buffalo pastor gave me an idea which I resolve to make my motto for the year. He said that in the City Temple pulpit, down where only the preacher can see the words, is the quotation: "Sir, we would see Jesus." Ah, that is what the hearer wants, the wide world over.

If I once have a hymn and a lesson, and perhaps the fragment of a prayer, I consider myself well under way. The hymn I quoted created a certain atmosphere into which to thrust the sermon. And at the outset of last Sunday morning's service, I said that the last hymn would be the most important feature of the hour.

The first sermons after holidays should be sermons of comfort. Let the fiery, peppery, snappin'-turtle philippics wait till the frost is on the pumpkin. It is healthy to have the people to link your return with the getting of solace. Dr. John Hall used to say that he often came home in September to find that he could not resume his pulpit preparations until he had called on a few sick or poor saints. It is helpful to take down the church record and let the names recall the hardships, the bereavements, the problems of the people.

The crowds are surging down Market Street just as they did before I left town in July. They have been tramping over those pavements every day, like an army ever on the march. The city has never been deserted at all. How foolishly do we talk about everybody being out of town during the heated term! I am resolved to make inroads into that Market Street throng.

There is a keen edge to this tiny paragraph which I found, not in a church paper, but in a fraternal insurance monthly: "It is reported that London has quit holding Sunday evening church services, fearing Zeppelin raids; the theatres, however, are still open and well attended." I would not be too severe on those fearful London saints, but there is something in the fact that the theatrical managers are more tenacious than the church deacons. Is it pulpit dullness that is emptying the churches Sunday evenings? Listen to this from the letter of a friend of mine, a Canadian major: "We attended service in Canterbury Cathedral, heard a beautiful choral service and a sermon as dry as the bones of the Black Prince which were resting nearby. It was about a man named Solomon, and the preacher was still telling us what a wise fellow the old king was when I fell asleep. Dullness seems to be the first feature of the average English sermon: brevity, thank God, is the second."

Another August resolution was suggested by a shrewd layman's criticism of a certain preacher, "He always seems to me to have his sermon between himself and me, and to be struggling to climb over it." His manuscript was too much in evidence. The parson's eyes were toward the desk too persistently. The audience doesn't like it. No poltical campaigner could spellbind his crowds by such a method of delivery. Here and there is an orator who excitedly picks up a handful of manuscript, clenches it into his left hand and uses the right hand to slap each sheet, as he finishes its reading, to the under side of the pile, while he strides up and down. But in his case there is no attempt at deception. When he changes from extempore speech to reading, he takes the hearer into his confidence and shows him his crutch. I am resolved to use my manuscript more sparingly. I think I have recently leaned upon it fairly hard.

I am confirmed in my resolve to begin my preparations for Sunday every Tuesday morning. That I may lose no time haggling about texts and subjects, I shall commit myself every Sunday evening regarding the topics for the following Sabbath. "Here it is Friday morning and I haven't any idea what I am going to preach about on Sunday," said a pastor. That was unpardonable. But I know, all too well, how he came to flounder in that dilemma. He had wandered from subject to subject, looking for something suitable, striking and easy. He had wasted three forenoons looking for themes and texts. That vacillation harassed him more than hard work at a definite text would have done.

With rare exceptions the subjects may as well be decided upon a week or two ahead. It pays to think a month in advance. To commit oneself at least a Sabbath ahead is a real advantage. When I have announced my intentions, and know that the church calendar ad the bulletin board have informed the people of the coming Sunday's bill of

fare, I know that the only thing to do is to go ahead with my preparations. Consequently I make an earlier beginning. A good plan is to have half a dozen sermons under way. It is surprising to find how much illustrative material will be found for these in one's casual reading and parish work, material which would have gone to waste had not the subject been subconsciously in mind.

SAN FRANCISCO PASTOR PUTS ON OVERALLS AND HELPS BUILD SHIPS.

A Narrative of Experiences and Some Deductions Therefrom.

It may be of interest to the readers of The Pacific to know of my experience as a "ship-builder" in the vast army Uncle Sam has in this front line of steel and iron trenches.

Of course, I am patriotic, want to see the war come to a victorious end for the Allies, and for humanity. We all agree that the fight is for the freedom of the world from the grip of despotism. The American blood is hot with a passion for world democracy. We are no longer satisfied with our own liberty purchased at great cost, but we want a free race.

Yes, I wanted to help build ships, and more. Many of our clergymen have gone to France, others are in the various cantonments of our land and all are enthusiastic over the unusual opportunities confronting them for doing things. It is all so different from old line church work. There is much more reality in it and so little convention. I spoke a few times before the enlisted men, and felt that same fire burning in my heart. It seemed so easy to get "next" to them. It is man talking to man in terms of life without the pulpit dignity and clergy stiffness. Just men with no additions or subtractions.

But why should this extra effort on the part of the clergymen all be devoted to men in uniform? What of this other great army arrayed in overalls, armed with hammer and wrench, a grim dark army, with clouded faces set with a grim determination to win the war? I made up my mind to enlist in this army, for I had the overalls, and Uncle Sam furnishes the hammer and wrench, so I started out alone and unaided.

I have read many volumes on the social problems of the day. In fact I read everything I can find that seems to possess any value, for there they stand, these problems, largely unsolved so far as the church is concerned. We are not getting these toiling masses into the sanctuary. Go into any of our churches and see. Most of the gospel we preach has little or no interest for them and their present need. There is a vast gulf fixed between the church and earth's toilers. We may declare it is their utter indifference and hard heartedness to the old message, but such declarations even when vehemently made do not solve the problem. We as preachers meet together, relate something of our various experiences, review some late book, discuss some church problems, go back to our churches and face the same empty pews we faced the Sunday before. Of course, you will pardon me if I relate my own experience and not yours, but I have a "hunch" that we preachers face about the same kind of difficulties in most of our churches,—the ordinary church not made popular by some inherited fame or ancestral glory,—hence the above without embarrassment.

I did not want it known that I intended to enlist, so I said nothing to my church, not even to any one of my good deacons, for who knows but they or he might discourage me, and I wanted no cold hand placed on my hot heart. Neither did I want this vast army of toilers to know by any spectacular publicity what I intended doing, for I wanted to get near their life just as it is, with no clergy restraint on them, and no clergy embarrassment on myself. So I set out stripped of all but just a plain ordinary man looking for employment. I decided to try the Union Iron Works for a place in some department of that great plant. On my arrival I found a long line of men just like myself looking for work, each waiting his turn to tell the man whose face looked out of a little window, just what he wanted. I at once got into that line, waited two long hours before my turn came, listened to the conversation of the men about me, answered some of their questions addressed to me as one of them, and tried to learn in that most human of all schools, the unconventional school of life, a school in the world of grim reality. At last my turn came, I walked up to the little window as I had seen so many do before me, told the man my business, he asked a few questions as to my ability along certain lines of work, gave me a card to one of the foremen in a large shop. I hastened there, waited a long time before that particular man could be located, found him at last. He sent me to another, who looked at me keenly, asked a few questions, slowly wrote some words on the card and handed it back, saying, Be on hand tomorrow morning at eight, and take this card back to the man that gave it to you." I did as I was told, waited a long time in line again to be registered and to get my number, for all the men are numbered. At last it was over, and I was to be at work in the morning. My, what a peculiar feeling possessed me! What would my church think? What would my friends think? That foolish thought was dismissed in a moment and then I realized another fact, the fact that I had now entered another world, a world of discipline and regularity where one has to rise early, don working clothes, get to work on time, stand on the step of a crowded street car, be pushed and crowded in a great throng of husky men whose hands are calloused with toil, breathe the very breath, feel the very heart-throb of labor.

I have been in this great school for several days, do not know how long I shall remain. I have passed through some marked experiences even in this short time. I knew before I went there that most, if not all, the men are union men. I realized that I would be approached regarding that matter, but did not want any friend to aid me or to introduce me, for I was determined to tread the pathway alone and learn just what a man has to contend with who belongs to no union and undertakes to work among union men. I had friends who could have taken all the thorns out of my path, but that would remove the reality which I craved. I had not been in the shop two hours until I became conscious that scores of eyes were turned on me in search of the union label, and I felt the power of their opposition to my presence. I soon was approached by a stern man who asked, "Haven't you got a card " I knew at once what it meant and said, "No, I have no card, I never belonged to a union." "Well," he said, "you have to belong to one if you stay here." I told him that I had no objection to that, and was willing to join if I were instructed what to do. He produced an application blank which I was requested in a cold stern manner to fill out, stating where I worked last, my age, etc. This I did, paying two dollars and a half as my first installment on a much larger sum. This act relieved the situation somewhat, and I was looked upon as one to be tolerated at least, for a season.

On Sunday, September the first, I told my church about my venture, and my desire to reach the great mass of working men in the city of San Francisco. There was a very remarkable response to what I related of my experience. It seemed to break the monotony of regularity and convention, and even seemed to warm up the cold empty

seats with something of hope and expectancy, for who knows what may result from a venture of this character?

Many of my ministerial brethren know that Mission Church is not an easy problem to solve. It has some of the best and most loyal people any pastor ever served. Perfect harmony prevails among all, but we deplore our inability to reach that mass of men we so desire to reach. Whether we may be able to accomplish that object or not is another question just now, but I am learning some things no preacher can learn out of a book in a comfortable study and an easy chair. The church must arise and shake herself from the dust of convention, and new warm blood must course through her veins, the blood of life as it is in the world of reality. Fancy ideas and highbrow notions of idealistic reconstruction and a thousand other impractical things may have to be cast aside after all, and the preacher must learn that God cares more for humanity in its climb toward the heights than for any mere theory be it ever so beautiful to behold. The hardest job God ever gave men may be found in the task of the preacher of this twentieth century if he will be a successful fisher of men.

E. MORGAN ISAAC.

Mission Congregation Church, San Francisco, Sept. 2, 1918.

A MESSAGE TO MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

An Editorial from the Homiletic Review—an International Magazine of Religion, Theology, and Philosophy.

Sixteen centuries of Christendom unchristianized led down to a world, shaking war. Peace returning will open the way up toward a Christianized Christendom, whose nations will learn war no more. Who can lead up to it if not they "who profess and call themselves Christians?" "Now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6:2.)

Returning autumn begins as usual, yet not as usual, a new year of Christian work. While we are drafting the fittest for battle with the foes of human rights, an unparalleled opportunity calls out every Christian, every Christian minister, to soldierly duty in the service of the Prince of Peace. Never again can every individual Christian count for so much as to-day and for years to come in the struggle now before the Church.

Our obsolete civilization has collapsed. A new civilization will spring from its ruins. If it is to be stable and enduring, it must be distinctively Christian. Precisely what Jesus preached us "the kingdom of heaven"—the reign of a heavenly spirit of mutual love and service among men as children of the Father in heaven—is the ideal now to be struggled for by every church and every minister of Christ. "Back to Jesus" is the watchword, and back to Jesus' method for success.

He "went everywhere preaching the gospel of the kingdom," and saying, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Serviceable soldiers must be healthy men. Spiritual health was Jesus' first concern. Repentance is its prerequisite for the entire consecration he demands for his work of faith and labor of love and patience. Among the eighteen million communicants in the Federation of the Churches of Christ in America Jesus' call to this prior work of repentance presents the most pressing need and duty of the year.

What a low pulse indicates for bodily health a joyless spirit indicates for soul health. A multitude of Christians seem to get little joy from their religion. They seek it in other things. No wonder that such stint their own pastors' living, and are deaf to the cries of missionaries at home and abroad for means to win their way through open doors.

What a condition to confront! A struggle to Christianize American Christendom impending, and a large part of Christ's army invalids! To get them back to health is the Christian pastor's pressing problem. What ails them? Neglect of the laws of soul health—neglect of daily prayer, neglect to study the New Testament, neglect of the self-denying cross of Jesus, neglect of that constant effort to become better men and women without which none can be, in God's sight, really good.

What is the reviving, restorative word for to-day but Jesus' clarion call, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!"; repent, to enter into its joy, and the joy of bringing others into your joy as a good soldier of the Captain of salvation.

A great work this which now calls every minister of Christ to rise to its greatness and the joy of it all. Would he accomplish much? He must attempt much. Would he inspire others? He must become himself inspired with the spirit of Christ. Heartened by signs of the coming dawn of a Christian civilization, let each thank God that he is called to Christ's ministry in this crisis of the Church and the world. American armies are saving the world to-day in battle where every individual counts. American churches are summoned to confront the gods of this world on our own soil in a spiritual Armageddon for man's soul, for the kingdom of heaven in a regenerated world. Never did a Christian minister and a Christian layman count potentially for as much as now.

WAR IN THE PULPIT.

Some laymen in Dayton, Ohio, according to an editorial in The Religious Telescope—the organ of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ—remarked recently that they read so much about the war during the week and talked so much about it that on Sunday they desired to hear sermons free from war illustrations and war allusions. The Telescope continues:

"They were not pro-German. They were not unpatriotic. They did not wish to be considered ignorant of the world situation, or disinterested in it. They asserted, without intending it so, that the soul craves some food and drink that cannot be supplied by war news, even though it is of the most encouraging character.

"Yes, the soul demands satisfaction. This cannot be supplied by things secular and material; by things temporal and of a social nature only. Spiritual food comes from above, even as the manna came from heaven. The soul demands righteousness and love and concord. It is not in its element when filled with bitterness or when contributing bitterness. There is a pull upward on the spirit of man, and his response is favorable for soul growth. When one sits down and considers thoughtfully the greatness and goodness of God, and gives God the veneration and reverence born of this contemplation, he is worshiping in the true sense.

"It is no wonder that these laymen wished their pastor to preach the gospel on Sunday. They have appetites for worship for the spiritual. They scarcely can feed the soul on the stories of the battlefield.

"Preachers should be keen and alert. They should not employ all the pulpit time in talking about the great conflict. Nor should they avoid mention of it so persistently that hearers suspect lack of interest in the great cause for which the Allies are fighting. Difference in two congregations might dictate a different course for them. After all, it is up to the discretion and wisdom of the preacher. He should keep close enough to God to settle these questions partly by divine enlightenment."

THE MESSAGE TO THE SOLDIER.

In an article in the Northwestern Christian Advocate on "The Message to the soldier," by A. E. Frederick of the Tuskegee Training Detachment, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, we find narrative of an experience and deductions therefrom which may be of value. The writer says that he bases his conclusions upon personal experience at a number of cantonments; and that as a line officer formerly in the regular army and now in the national army, he has been in personal touch with men and has discussed this subject with them in a manner quite different from the chaplains, the Y. M. C. A. worker or the local clergyman near the cantonment. He has discussed it also with officers of his regiment. This is what he says:

"Nearly all volunteered the opinion I am here trying to present, namely; that in too many cases the pulpit message of to-day is not that which the soldier needs nor that which the soldier wants.

"The pulpit to-day seeks too much to discuss matters which are common knowledge to the soldier. The war is discussed, victories or defeats rehashed, and stuff injected into sermons, of which the soldier knows more than the

A committee on resolutions was appointed consisting of preacher. Ofttimes the latter's knowledge of these things is entirely too limited for public comment. The soldier does not care for this on Sundays. This does him no spiritual good.

"Neither does the soldier care to continually hear the reminder that he is a hero and a man far superior to his fellows at home. He realizes that everyone in this country must help win this war, some by going to fight, others by staying at home to work and to give. He feels much better to hear an occasional word of appreciation about the men who are true to the cause at home rather than to always hear about his own heroism. This is especially true where the heroism is yet to be revealed. I take it that a man knows whether or not he is a hero better than the preacher to whom he is a stranger, and to hear his praises sung Sunday after Sunday oftentimes causes him keen embarrassment. For him to receive undue praise with the knowledge that it is not true makes him feel untrue to himself. If this does not eventually turn him away with disgust, it will surely leave a nauseating taste in his mouth. That this is true is proved to my satisfaction by the statements of many men and likewise officers.

"And the sad fact of it all is that such discussions take the time needed for something better and higher. Cannot the ministers of to-day see that soldiers are but human beings and that they need the same gospel message that the folks at home do—the same message, and more of it rather than less of it Why not forget much of this sham and gush and get down to brass tacks? Why not deliver a message which will warm the heart and make it easier to do right during the week? Why not preach just a plain, wholesome message about Jesus Christ and his saving power? The soldiers want this message. They have said that they want it. Why not give to to them? Why have them waste their time in listening to something supposedly entertaining or to that which they get six days in every week?"

Mr. Frederick says that he is well aware that the minister has an intense desire to be "right" with "the boys." But: "He gets nowhere if he lays aside his principles. That preacher serves his country best who to his God is true."

A garment, grimy from honest toil, is much more pleasing in Christ's sight than the most spotless robe, whose spotlessness is the result of doing nothing.

THE BOYS CANNOT BE FOOLED WITH PULPIT CAMOUFLAGE.

A member of a California Church who fears that some of the preachers who have gone to the battlefront are failing or are in danger of failing to discern what the soldiers not only need but actually want has sent The Pacific the following written recently by Mr. Harry A. Williams, special staff correspondent of the Los Angeles Times, hoping that we would reprint it:

"The young soldier has no illusions. His is a serious business. He deals death and deals with death. Knowing this, he feels the need of religion. He likes to be told there is a future life, and to him it is a story that never grows old. Strangely, the killer is the most fervently religious man in the world today.

But his is a very simple faith. It can be completely covered by the sermon on the mount. He has neither time nor desire for nonessentials. Whether a man should be sprinkled or entirely submerged in order to be saved does not concern him. Frequently there is not time for either of these ceremonies before he goes over the top. Often his only baptism is one of fire. Theology and rituals are Greek to him. All he wants is a few words making it clear that a man who lives uprightly, does his duty and offers his life for the protection of the weak is going to have an even chance in the next world. His is a very broad, a very simple and a very appealing religion—one that the humblest can grasp. And after this war it probably will be the religion of the world.

"Nearly all the men in the armed service of the United States are eager to talk about religion," said an American chaplain, who has been with them since the first contingent arrived in France. "They like to be entertained, but down in their hearts they crave the vital things of life and eternity. If we don't give them the real thing they leave the hut in blocks. You can't fool the boys with pulpit camouflage.

" 'We usually open with fifteen minutes of movies,' one minister was told. 'You don't mind waiting?'

" 'I don't believe that sort of thing is really necessary,' he replied. ' I should like to put it to the boys if you don't mind.'

"The preacher mounted the platform and said: 'Boys, I've come to tell you something about religion. Would you like to begin right away, or would you rather have a few moving pictures first '

" 'To ——with the movies,' yelled a soldier. 'Let's hear about religion.' This motion was seconded by every soldier in the hut.

"On another occasion, a less-discerning preacher was invited to speak for twenty minutes. A dozen rousing songs were sung, and there was a manly prayer by a manly soldier. In short, an ideal atmopshere had been created. The men were ready to hear something real and genuine—something that would brace them up in their duty and their sacrifice.

"A stranger to the psychology of war, this celebrated minister consumed ten of his twenty minutes telling funny stories—funny stories to soul-hungry men. He was unable to understand why so many of the men walked out during those first ten minutes.

"There are times when the men want to be entertained, but more times when they want to hear about religion. What they want is to hear the simple, sincere, elemental truth of religion as the preacher conceives it. Don't talk to them about drink and gambling and sex. They hear all that sort of thing they need from the proper instructors. Above all, when your horse sense tells you that the men are

waiting with open hearts for the best comfort that religion can give, don't tell them funny stories.

"Give them a message straight from God, if you have such a message in you. Suppose your son were going away, perhaps never to return. What sort of a message would you give him? That is the sort of message they want, and none other."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Rev. B. F. Sargent is to supply at Grass Valley for a few Sundays.

At its last communion service Plymouth Church, Oakland, welcomed two persons on confession of faith. The membership now totals 971.

First Church, Berkeley, will have a Bible Study Drive from September 22 to 29, with the hope of getting every member pledged to Bible study.

The East Bay Church Extension Society will hold a meeting in First Church, Alameda, Thursday evening of next week. Dinner will be served at 6:30.

The book, "The Christian Idea in the Modern World," reviewed in articles in The Pacific last week and this week, is published by The Pilgrim Press, Boston. Price, $1.00 net.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco Professor Lovejoy will speak on "Going West (Death) in the Poets"; or the subject may be worded thus: "The Ministry of Nature to Souls Bereaved, as Given in the Poets."

Rev. G. W. Hinman, Secretary of the A. M. A., is serving the United States at the draft registration office, Hall of Justice, Kearny and Washington. His duties are to examine and enroll the men from 18 to 45 drafted in accordance with the recent act of Congress.

Mrs. Kate Hanby, the widow of Benjamin Hanby, the author of that old-time popular song," Darling Nellie Gray," is living at Alhambra, California. She is 83 years old. She was one of the two first graduates of Otterbein College, at Westerville, Ohio, in 1857.

We have a communication from Professor Buckham for next week, which will correct some misinterpretations of his recent article in the Harvard Theological Review—comment on which appeared in The Pacific last week, largely quotations from an article in The Christian Register.

In an article in the British Weekly concerning the recent visit to the Pacific Coast of Dr. George Adam Smith, Dr. James M. Campbell of Claremont mentions him as "a prophet of righteousness, touched with the passion of the Cross. His visit is regarded as an international event."

Last year Mrs. C. A. Kofoid of First Church, Berkeley, gave what the Y. W. C. A. of Oakland calls noteworthy courses of study on Missions in the Y. W. C. A. department of Religious Education. It is announced that Mrs. Kofoid will begin on September 24 a normal mission study class. "Women Workers of the Orient" will be the text book.

The calendar of First Church, Oakland, for Sunday, September 1, had this note: "Now we set the pace for the winter—before the month ends everyone should have settled into some definite task for 'Christ and the Church.' And what a flying start Dean Brown's visit has given! Nothing could have been finer in spirit or more genuinely helpful. We shall feel it for many a day."

The Messenger, the monthly publication of the Young Women's Christian Association of Oakland, makes this announcement: "Dr. Raymond C. Brooks, whose splendid leadership of the Monday Morning Bible Class of last year made such a profound impression, has most kindly intimated that we may announce that he will lead another course in January. Exact dates and topics will be published later. We hope Dr. Brooks will consent to repeat the course he gave at Asilomar this summer."

Among the delegates at the meeting of the Woman's Board of the Pacific was Miss Mary H. Porter of La Mesa. She is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Jeremiah Porter—her father being the minister who organized the First Presbyterian church of Chicago. The writer of this note remembers early in 1880 meeting this sainted couple in Sonoma. They were visiting the family of Rev. F. B. Perkins, who served acceptably the churches of Sonoma and of Grass Valley, later pastor at Logan Heights, San Diego. Readers of The Pacific know Mrs. Perkins as closely identified with W. H. M. Union.

The Rev. Dr. Stauffer of First Church, San Francisco, traveled 7,500 miles during his vacation and spoke fifteen times. The Toronto Globe reports that he spoke with his usual raciness and power in Bond Street, and that thousands were turned away from the door of the church. In Winnipeg, similar crowds waited on his three weeks' ministry. At a reception last week Dr. Stauffer reminded his people in San Francisco that at the beginning of his pastorate he had announced his intention of merely visiting and preaching during his first year with them, postponing any more definite program until he was better acquainted with the needs of church and city. "I am now ready to outline a policy," he said, "for my second year; I have concluded to preach and visit."

Mr. Edgar Lucien Larkin, Director of Mr. Lowe Observatory, father of Dr. Larkin, pastor of the North Congregational Church, Berkeley, had in a recent number of The California Voice a valuable article against the liquor traffic, the concluding paragraph of which was: "Here are rigid scientific facts. Grape juice is one of the most valuable foods known. Each half-pint of rich grape juice, made from the best California varieties, all better than those raised in the Eastern States, contains as much if not more stored energy directly available by the human body than an ordinary meal of common foods. Scientific tests have been made and alcohol has no trace of food value. These researches have been published broadcast. Now let California make a cast iron law forever prohibiting the manufacture of a drop of wine, but let the millions of gallons of the life-sustaining juice be sold without a trace of the serpent—alcohol, and be advertised everywhere. California produces now about 50,000,000 gallons, the rest of the United States 150,000,000. The moment the people in every state in the Union find that unfermented is so far superior in strength and health-giving properties to the fermented, there must be an unprecedented demand. And financial gain to grape producers must and surely will be greater than now. Do not let the beautiful valleys of our lovely state be devoted to the raising of grapes for alcohol, now scientifically known to be arch enemy of man. Begin now on grape juice, ye weak and bloodless folk. Note the wondrous improvement in thirty days. Ye men so fortunate as to own land in our terrestrial paradise, California, the blessed, stop and stop now, raising wine grapes. But plant even more broad acres to the raisin and juice varieties and get far more money."

Miss Eva Powell, a member of First Church, Oakland, for two years president of the Young Women's Christian

Association, has gone to New York City for a nine months' training course at the Y. W. C. A. in that city. The call is for trained and efficient Christian women for war work at home and Miss Powell hearkens to that call. The Messenger, the monthly published by the Oakland Y. W. C. A., says concerning her and her work as president of the Association: "Miss Powell has been our president for two years and in that time the allied forces under her command have made a five-mile drive on a twenty-mile front in face of heavy artillery fire of debt discouragements, indifference and even opposition at times of a general public. Our president has been well fitted for her work with us, by reason of her natural endowments, unbrought from other positions of responsibility which she has held. We remember Eva Powell as a graduate of the University of California, wearing the key pin of the Kappa Kappa fraternity, representing that body officially throughout the United States. For two years she was President of the Ebell, the oldest club in our state, and has served as President of the Young Woman's Guild of the Congregational church. In all these positions that Miss Powell has inspired the love of young and old, rich and poor, is significant of her kindly heart and her democracy. The last two years' work in our Oakland Association by Miss Powell has been marked by a devotion that has taken no thought of self and an enthusiasm that has carried every project she undertook past the goal post. There have been no "giants in the land" so great that they have caused Miss Powell to turn back when a conquest was to be made. Her high faith and common sense and helpful committees always led the Association across the Jordan."

A SATISFACTORY LETTER.

We quote in the main a letter received last Monday:

"I inclose check for $2.50, $1.50 of which is for renewal of my subscription to 'The Pacific,' and for the remaining $1.00 I wish you would send me as many extra copies of the next issue of 'The Pacific' as that amount will purchase, as I wish to distribute them among our church people who are not now regular subscribers.

"There are so many good things in 'The Pacific' every week, I should like to feel that every family represented in our church was a weekly recipient of it."

This was from Mr. C. W. Doxsee of Redwood City.

ONE WAY IN WHICH THE PACIFIC IS USED.

A lady in charge of the primary department in the Sunday-school of one of the largest Congregational churches in California, wrote in July:

"I enjoy The Pacific, and use the children's stories at opening of primary Sunday-school to encourage prompt attendance."

That was an encouraging note, but we thought when we received it that The Pacific ought to have so large a circulation that the stories therein would be familiar to so large a majority of the children in Congregational homes before Sunday morning that it would not be possible to use them advantageously that way.

One mother of five boys and girls wrote us recently that there was a rush for The Pacific as soon as it arrived.

Much care has been taken for several years in selecting the stories for the children, and many mothers and grandmothers have been heard to say that they were reading them regularly to their little ones—with great satisfaction all around.

Several pastors have written that they have found these stories very suggestive and helpful in their work for the children—in pulpit talks and otherwise.

LOS ANGELES NOTES.

By James D. Eaton.

Last Sunday Pilgrim Church observed the fourth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. Alfred B. Weitkamp, Ph.D. who spoke on "My Church Home," suggesting some of the ideals that may well be cherished by the members of the family meeting there, as well as reminding them of obligations answering to their privileges. Some hundred and thirty have been added, of whom about one-half have come on confession of faith. Over a year ago a resolute effort was made to clear off a debt of $3,000, which probably would have been completely successful, had it not been for entrance into the world war which has depleted somewhat both numbers and pecuniary resources. However, $2,000 has been paid in, and the spirit is buoyant.

The Venice Church during the past year or two has had frequent changes in pastorate, with corresponding alternations between hopefulness and misgiving. But now there is a rising current of good cheer and real enthusiasm, occasioned by the coming of Rev. Thomas M. Buley, who organized the work there nine years ago in Sunshine Rest Room. Last Sunday he met the expectant people and promised to stay with them; and with an attractive and convenient house of worship, the return of some old supporters who had left, and the prevailing spirit of confidence that an important work awaits them which they can do, all are facing the future with shining faces. Mr. Buley will continue to occupy his residence on Mount Washington in this city, going back and forth in his car. For, as he tells his people, he finds inspiration on that height whence he lifts his eyes to the high sierras on the one side and views the broad ocean on the other. At night he looks down upon the lighted Venice boulevard and the brilliantly illuminated beach city itself. Indeed, his eye can embrace in one swift glance the lights on the far extending shore line; from the Santa Monica Palisades through Hermosa, Redondo, the harbor at San Pedro, Long Beach and far Balboa.

Rev. E. Ernestus Haring, formerly pastor of our Colegrove Church in this city, is now in his fifth year of service as chaplain at the Los Angeles County Hospital, where he spends a long day on duty, and often finds it necessary to respond to some urgent call during the night. The average number of patients daily under the care of the hospital is 1037. Besides two religious services for them on Sunday, he holds two mid-week meetings; this doubling of the number being due to the desire of ministering to the tubercular patients. And not a week passes without one or more entertainments being provided for the inmates; and Mr. Haring's wide acquaintance through his long term of services enables him to draw upon a large number of church singers, professional musicians and other classes of performers, including moving picture people. He is supported in his work by Christian Endeavor Societies of a dozen different denominations, contributing through the Hospital Board of the California C. E. Union. He enjoys the high esteem and cordial co-operation of the officials and employees of the establishment. Indeed, he was offered by the County Supervisors the position of official chaplain, to be supported by public funds; but he declined the honor, thinking it better to keep his religious and humanitarian service wholly separate from politics. He even objected to having exposed to public view the excellent portrait of himself which had been done in oils by an artist

patient; but in this he was overruled by the authorities, and the life-like likeness hangs in the reception room in company with several other framed pictures. Nor are Mr. Haring's activities confined to the hospital grounds; for, not to mention attendance upon C. E. gatherings, during the past seven months he has been holding meetings at Juvenile Hall for the 100 to 150 youthful offenders, on Sunday mornings at nine o'clock, and another one on Wednesday evenings for the boys only.

REDWOOD CITY.

Sunday, September 1st, three were received into the church. The pastor just returned from a three weeks' trip in a sailing vessel, visiting Aberdeen, Camp Lewis, Tacoma, and Seattle. This Fall and Winter the church expects to undertake larger things for soldiers at Camp Fremont. Sunday evenings machines will call for men at the camp. At 6 o'clock in the church a light lunch will be served, and return the men after the evening service. For months the Tuesday night open house has been appreciated by a large number of men. If Congregational parents have sons at Camp Fremont and will notify Rev. C. H. Stevens, and give military address, they will be called up and invited to and welcomed to our large circle of young people.

FERNDALE.

At the September communion service three were added to the membership of the Ferndale Congregational Church. During the ministry of Rev. R. D. Douglass and his wife, there has been a steady gratifying growth. They enjoyed a month's rest and vacation in the mountains, and now with the resumption of services, the Endeavor Societies and Missionary Societies and Sunday-school are taking up regular work, with new enthusiasm.

To release for the many calls on his time, the church has voted to discontinue the evening services indefinitely. One of the most encouraging features of the church work is the condition of finances, since the adoption of the duplex envelope system, there has never been a deficit, and no one would willingly return to the old method. Our apportionment for Missions has been exceeded, and this without any special calls, such as are so many times necesary.

Through the efforts of our pastor, quite a sum was raised for a new church building. Because of unusual industrial conditions, this money has been placed at interest, to await a more opportune time. One hundred copies of "The American Hymnal" has been placed in the church, however, and we are now enjoying them. M. B.

REV. FRED A. FIELD.

Mr. Field was born in Lawrence, Mass., August 24, 1852, and died at his home in Glendale, Southern California, August 23rd, after an illness of several months.

In 1875 he came with his father to Southern California for his health, being unable to complete his last year in Oberlin College. With improved health he entered Pacific Theological Seminary in 1876, and graduated in 1879. From the instruction and inspiration of such teachers as Drs. Moore and Benton and Dwinell, he went forth to do a valiant service for the Master. While in the Seminary he was associated with Will Cooke in the organizing work of the Fourth Congregational Church of Oakland.

For thirty years he labored as a Home Misisonary in Southern California and was instrumental in organizing and serving several of the Los Angeles Congregational churches, such as Olivet, Vernon, Brooklyn Heights; he served as pastor at Westminster, National City, Eagle Rock, West End and Railroad churches; also Pico Heights and Redondo. He proved himself by personal qualities to be one of the most efficient church organizers in the southland. Retiring from active ministerial work several years ago, he became associated with Coulters' Dry Goods Store, and did a great work in that institution as a social and religious worker among the employees.

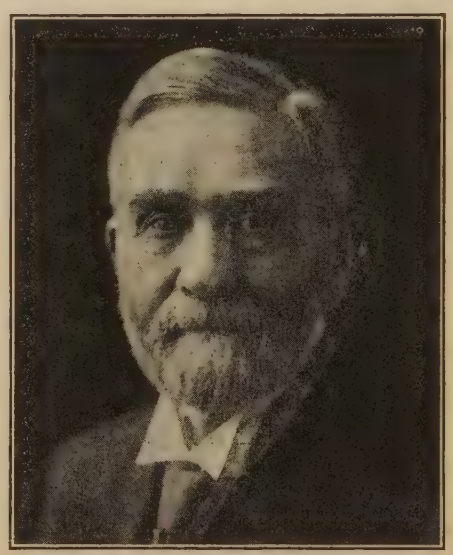
Impressive funeral services were held in Glendale. Representatives from most of the churches he served were present in goodly numbers.

The services were conducted by Rev. J. M. Schaefle of Pico Heights Congregational church, and by Rev. Wm. E. Edmonds of the Presbyterian church.

He is survived by his widow and his daughter, Miss Bessie Field, a sister, Mrs. Abby Goodsell of Berkeley, and by his mother, Mrs. Sarah C. Field, 90 years of age, who is also of Berkeley.

OBSERVATIONS.

Not long since after listening to a very interesting sermon in our First Church, Portland, by Rev. Dr. Smith of St. Paul, Minn., the Observer came in contact with his old friend George H. Himes, whom he has known more than a score of years, and with whom his fellowship has been very delightful. Aware that Mr. Himes had for a long while been a correspondent of The Pacific, it occurred to the writer it might be interesting to our readers to learn more of this brother, beloved in Oregon, who for two score



George H. Himes.

years has frequently sent an interesting letter to The Pacific bearing upon Congregationalism in the Web-Foot State. The brother was quite willing to be interviewed and his patience was not exhausted as the Observer quizzed him concerning the days already gone in which Mr. Himes had been playing the part assigned him by Providence.

By birth he is a Pennsylvanian—though no sooner had he begun to note his surroundings than he was carried by his family to Illinois, and from that state in 1853 father, mother and children started for the Puget Sound country, crossing the plains with an ox team—the boy George driving the stock and hence walking all the way from Illinois to Olympia. The journey consumed seven months. Those were the days of "Donation Claims"—not 640 acres as at

one time possible, and the father settled on 320 acres, fully enough to keep all hands employed even though it did not at once afford the finest kind of a living. Bread and molasses was quite frequently all that the family could afford, but one beholding the brother thus subjected to such frugality would never surmise that he had ever suffered from lack of the good things of life. His father was a shoemaker, and with his farming had his hands full. Enterprising in his trade as well also on the broad acres, he established in Olympia the first boot and shoe shop north of the Columbia River. The boy strong and vigorous was set to work clearing land, and many's the day when no more than twelve years of age, he did his part splitting rails. There was, of course, little opportunity for school, but the youthful George had great delight in books, and not infrequently, when in leisure hours his presence was missed, a short search found him in some out of the way place "behind a book." Probably this accounts for his early desire to be a printer, and his entering upon his trade in Olympia in 1861. Those were troublous times, and the youthful printer would gladly have gone to the war if he could, but his father objected, saying rumors were afloat that a project was brewing for a Pacific Coast Confederacy, and men would be needed at home. Thwarted thus in his patriotic ambition he pursued his task in the quiet of the Territory's capital until 1864, when staging it to what is now known as Olequa, he boarded a little steamer for Portland, and, covering three days in his entire trip, he came to the metropolis on the Willamette $19.50 short for fare and expenses. The war fever was still urging him onward, but before he could accumulate sufficient to carry him beyond the mountains, the crisis was passed, and he settled down to the work he had chosen, finishing his trade and in due time opening a printing business of his own. Fortune for a while favored, but in time the financial crash came, and he found, with all bills paid, his resources were not such as to warrant extravagance in any line. He accepted the situation and gave himself to what his hand could find to do. Fortunately somewhat closely identified with the Oregon Pioneer Association, he became more or less familiar with the early days of his adopted state, and when the Oregon Historical Society was looking for the right party to act as secretary, naturally this good man was chosen, and now since 1899 he has been the representative of this much valued institution, and if one wishes to learn of the early days of Oregon, the names of the pioneers, their public meetings, their doings, their political problems, and their loyalty to the great nation of which they were a part, all he has to do is to consult George H. Himes.

This brother commenced October 1st, 1858, writing in a diary and day by day he has recorded happenings interesting to himself and doubtless to those more intimately associated with him. That diary is still an unfinished book, at least it was when the writer was privileged to confer with Mr. Himes. What he has there recorded none other than himself will know while he tarries here with us, but when he has gone up higher others will no doubt take great interest in reading what was of so much importance to this lad, this growing man, this mature character so well known in and about Portland. Doubtless record will be there of his marriage to a young lady from New Haven, Connecticut, on Christmas, 1866, and of the eleven children which have blessed that union, six of whom are living, and of the grand children who gladden the hearts of these veterans on the pathway, who, still joined together are looking forward with fond anticipation to the fifty-second anniversary to be celebrated in the coming holidays.

Mr. Himes, always religious, and professing faith while still on the farm near Olympia, united with our First Church, Portland, March 2nd, 1867. Congregational forces were not strong then in the Web Foot State—our churches were only seven, Portland, Oregon City, Forest Grove, Salem, Albany, Astoria, The Dalles; now they number sixty. Every pastor of Portland, First, he has known, and nearly every one of the early missionaries. Probably he has known more of the Congregational ministers of Oregon than any other living man. He has seen Portland grow from 3,500 to 320,000, has noted the development of the railroads from the early beginnings in 1864 to the trunk lines now crossing the state. Though 74 years of age, his eye is bright, his face youthful and his energy apparently undiminished; one would think him good for another score of years. His interest continues in the great state, its early history and its modern development. He counts its resources great, its scenery beautiful, its climate extremely fine, and the possibilities for one of the greatest commonwealths beneath the sun, almost beyond estimate. His church devotion has been and is marked; he loves the house of the Lord; loves its services; delights in its worship, and is glad to sustain it with his resources. He has given to many worthy causes, and finds no regrets that he thus invested his money. The longer he lives, the stronger his faith in Christianity. Planting long ago his feet upon the Rock of Ages, he has found no occasion to waver, and in these his sunset years he finds no pleasure greater than witnessing to the reality of the Divine Life and the Lordship of Christ his Saviour.

OBSERVER.

ORGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The services in the First Congregational Church for August were conducted by Rev. James A. Jenkins, D.D., of the Warren Ave. Congregational Church, Chicago. The attendance averaged well morning and evening for a vacation month, and the Sunday-school held its sessions regularly immediately after the morning service; not being divided into classes, however, but gathered in the general assembly room with exercises in the nature of singing and a brief address from one or more persons upon topics relating specifically to the conditions now existing—all giving emphasis to the necessity for optimistic steadfastness, and at the same time expressive of the belief that out of this maelstrom of world war there will emerge in God's own good time a far-reaching improvement in the conditions of the human race.

Last Sunday morning the services were conducted by Chaplain Paul R. Reynolds, and in the evening by Chaplain Clifford N. Hand lately minister of the Lemon Grove Congregational Church, California.

Today, both morning and evening, Rev. John Tallmadge

WAR WORK OF THE A. M. A.

AMERICANIZATION	CONSERVATION
Indians and Negroes made into Intelligent and Patriotic Americans	Waste Human Material Mobilized for the Defense of Democracy

Your Gift is Needed Now for This War Work

Send to

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

21 Brenham Place **San Francisco, Cal.**

Bergen, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Minneapolis, and Chaplain of the Fourth Minnestoa, supplied the pulpit most acceptably. At present he is chaplain of the Spruce Plane Division stationed at the Cantonment at Fort Vancouver. He is a gifted preacher. He has a son "over there" in France or on the way.

Through the experience he has gained since entering the United States Army, in the performance of his duty, he is of the opinion that among all topics discussed by the soldiers "At the Front," in France, none occupy so high a place in their minds as the question of "Immortality."

Portland, September 8, 1918.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Women's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

No prayer-meeting was held at the Board rooms last Wednesday morning, as the usual attendants were all at the annual meeting, sharing in the devotional service, beautifully led by Miss Mary H. Porter. An experience of forty years in China as a missionary affords rare training for soul culture and intellectual acumen. The presence of Miss Porter with us at this time was highly valued at our business councils, public meetings and social gatherings for the rich contributions of her spiritual and practical advice.

Miss Porter chose Psalm 139 as the assuring promise of the message she presented. That God sees the beneficent ends and results of what appears to us disaster and ruin, and trains people to wonderful achievement through woeful physical experiences like flood and fire and famine, was the thought presented.

Miss Porter is on her way to attend the Jubilee Fiftieth Anniversary of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, at Chicago. At Chicago—where eighty-five years ago the first sermon delivered in that city came from the lips of her father, the Rev. Jeremiah Porter! The great city was at that time Fort Dearborn, and the entire population, Indian, French and American, did not exceed 300. In the carpenter's shop of the fort gathered a small congregation to hear a sermon from the prophetic text, "Herein is my Father, glorified that ye bear much fruit." In three months from Mr. Porter's first service he organized the first church of Chicago, with twenty-seven members. Their first house of worship cost $600.00, and was dedicated in January, 1834, with the mercury 29 degrees below zero. From the Woman's Board in Chicago, many years after, Miss Porter was sent as missionary to China, where for forty years she revealed the light of the gospel through word and deed.

The Annual Meeting in Plymouth Church, Oakland, last week, was an inspiring one. Report thereof will appear next week.

A GLIMPSE.

By the Rev. Watts O. Pye.

One lone American woman was walking down the narrow street of a Chinese village. She was tall, erect, and dressed in brown. On all sides of her there were Chinese clinging to her skirts, pressing closely on her heels and following her down the street, all chattering and grunting in their characteristic fashion. There were children with besmeared faces, daubed with a red paint or layer after layer of ordinary dirt, and only partially clothed. There were men with long oily braids dangling down over shiny padded garments. There were young brides in their gayest Their young faces decorated with vivid red spots of paint peeped out from a low-spangled head dress. There were older women, yellow and weazened, hobbling along behind on their bound feet, stopping now and then to rest on their canes. There were chickens cackling, dogs snarling, and pigs rooting along by the side of the crowds.

As we two newcomers approached, the procession stopped to welcome us. Some came very close to us, bowed and said, "Ping an, Ping an" or "Good Wishes." Others came to rub our hands, feel of our clothes, and examine us minutely. Still others stood by with open mouths and bright eyes, filled with wonderment at the sight of the two new foreigners.

The young woman invited us to accompany her to her room and to be a part of the audience in the meeting which was about to begin there. She whispered to me as we walked toward her room, "The women have given me the finest room here and have gone to all sorts of trouble to have it look attractive." She seemed exultant over her "palatial" quarters, but as I followed her through a disorderly court into a small room where there was neither fresh air nor much furniture, but only barrenness greeted the eye, I said, "palatial" in China must mean something different from "palatial" in America.

The room was soon a thing in the background. The Chinese crowded in one after another until the room was filled quite as close as a rural school in America on the night of a big "Box Supper." The young woman mounted the brick platform bed, or k'ang, went to her small baby organ and played a hymn, one she had previously been teaching to the Chinese. The first chord filled their hearts with song and each took his or her own way to express it. Some who could read followed the words which were hanging on the wall before them, but concentration was so strong on the reading, they completely forgot rhythm. Others who could not read listened to the organ and attempted to sing along with no particular words. A few gave no attention to either words or tune, but burst forth in minor nasal melodies of their own.

The music ended. A very old woman climbed down from the k'ang and read some characters from the wall and explained some Bible verses to them. They listened intently. Some seemed really to understand what she meant. Others pretended they did and continually nodded ther heads in acquiescence. Then the young woman, still sitting at the organ, talked a while to the people.

We then left them in that stale unventilated room. Many onlookers from the outside followed us as we rode our donkeys outside the city gate. They were a friendly lot and wished us many "Ping ans." We looked back as we rode along outside the wall which was surrounded by a deep trench and saw faces peeping at us here and there through the crevices in the wall, or from their house roofs. As we passed a broad gap in the wall, we saw that the meeting had been dismissed. The tall figure of the lone American in brown stood there in the opening. She waved her handkerchief. The Chinese again completely surrounded her and she was lost in the crowd of pinks, purples and reds.

Don't borrow trouble nor give your own to others.

A CHEERING WORD

Comes from an influential member of our church in Reno to this effect, "You are very correct in thinking I am interested in The Pacific. I will very gladly do all I can to interest our church members. Please send several copies for distribution."

We like to read such words as these. We fully believe our paper will soon double its subscription list if all will manifest such a disposition. We were pleased to find five new subscribers at the meeting of the Woman's Board in Oakland last week. Another was made through the mail. Six new subscribers in one day! Help make this a daily occurrence and The Pacific will soon be just where it ought to be and where many of us intend it shall be. Believe in The Pacific. Speak for The Pacific. If not already, subscribe for The Pacific. H. H. W.

ARIZONA.

Rev. J. Spencer Voorhees, after two delightful months at Long Beach, returned to his church in Phoenix for September 8th, with his new building in a most desirable location. He resumed service with communion in the morning and an Open Forum in the evening, the purpose of which, on a card widely circulated, he declared to be "To develop the most enlightened democracy." We shall be pleased to learn of the success of the movement.

NEVADA.

Our church at Reno has federated during the war with the Presbyterian, services begining with September in our house of worship, preaching by Rev. Mr. Howe, the Presbyterian pastor, our pastor having resigned some time since.

THE SAD YEARS.

By Mrs. Clement Shorter.

Thou hast encompassed us, indeed, O Lord,
With these sad years. Where does the failure lie
Of this thy man, made to thy likeness, since
Within the golden mirror of the sun
Thou gavest thy sweet loveliness and didst
Then gather dust to mould him to thy shape,
And stood him upright on thy holy palm
To view his form and praise thy handiwork?
Is this thy likeness then, thy perfect mould
Thy hands, thy feet, thy voice, thy sacred heart,
A God in miniature, of Eden made?

Hands, hands, hands—tearing, grasping, slaying,
Cold, stiff, still, soothing, strangling, praying.
Feet, feet, feet—running toiling stamping,
Crushing, killing, falling, stumbling, tramping.
Cries, cries, cries—brutal, broken, wailing,
Sobbing, helpless, anguished, dying, failing.
Hearts, hearts, hearts—loving, hating, seeking;
Hearts of all thy children, breaking, breaking.

Is this, indeed, thy man, that thou hast made?
Is this thy likeness, and are these thy ways?
Oh, Lord of pity, quench these flaming hours,
Restore to peace these sad and tortured years,
Wherein thou breakest the frail heart of man—
Or he the heart of God.

CHRIST'S COMING TIME OF PEACE.

Those of us who have traveled in mountain countries know how one range of hills rises behind another, one ever seeming the higher till yet a higher appears behind it. But there is one range of lofty summits which conveys a sense of awe and sublimity—the line of eternal snow. High above all the rest we see the white peaks standing out in the blue sky, catching the first rays of the rising sun. So with Christ's coming time of peace; it towers into heaven itself and is white with snows of eternity.—Dean Stanley.

For The Children.

LAZY-LAD.

Said Lazy-Lad, "I will seek till I find
The land of Nothing-to-do.
For that is a jolly land I know,
With never a lesson to learn,
And never an errand to bother a fellow
Till he doesn't know where to turn.
And I'm told the folks in that splendid place
May frolic the whole year through,
So, everybody, good-bye—I'm off
For the land of Nothing-to-do!"

So Lazy-Lad he sailed to the west,
And then to the east sailed he;
And he sailed north and he sailed south
Over many a league of sea,
And many a country fair and bright
And busy came into view;
But never, alas, could he find the coast
Of the land of Nothing-to-do.

Then Lazy-Lad sailed back again,
And a wiser lad was he,
For he said, "I've wandered to every land
That is in the geography,
And in each and all I've found that folks
Are busy the whole year through,
And everybody in every place
Seemed to have something to do.

"So it must be the best way after all,
And I mean to stay on shore
And learn my lessons and do my tasks
And be a lazy-lad no more.
The busiest folks are the happiest,
And what mother said was true,
For I've found out there is no such place
As the land of Nothing-to-do."

THE DREADFUL STORY OF MARYANNA.

This is a story for very little girls; but boys may as well read it, for the sad fate which befell Maryanna may be theirs also.

There was once a little girl in this dreadful story called Maryanna. Maryanna was very pretty indeed. She had all the beautifulness that would please you. Her hair hung in long golden curls (curls of the kind which grow; not the kind you have to be careful of in damp weather). Her eyes were as blue as forget-me-nots, and her face was pink like apple-blossom.

Sad to tell, Maryanna's mother soon found out that Maryanna had an empty-head. This sounds very funny; but I will tell you what an empty head is like. When Maryanna's mother told her to do anything, Maryanna looked anywhere except at her mother. She watched the

hens pecking grains, or peered in the looking-glass at her long curls, or admired her little shoes.

So when Maryanna was told to go to the shop and buy two small fishes, she brought back a cabbage. And when she was sent for a cabbage, she brought back some shrimps. And when her mother sent her upstairs for a blue hair-rib bon from the top drawer, she came back with some boot-laces. Each time Maryanna's mother would sigh and say: "Oh, Maryanna! what will become of you? You little empty-head!"

One dreadful day Maryanna was sent to the chemist's to buy eau-de-Cologne for granny's birthday present, and she brought back a bottle of malt extract and cod-liver oil, which is sweet sticky stuff in a brown bottle. Mother was really angry, and said: "Take it back at once!" Empty headed Maryanna went into the garden and only remembered that mother had said, "Take it," and she prodded out the cork and took nearly half of it. Ugh! Then she began to cry. She soon felt very bad. Her little empty head began to ache; and then mother came, and was more upset than ever. She carried Maryanna to bed, and Maryanna lay there with her golden empty head hurting so that she could hardly see.

Just as she felt she couldn't bear it any more she saw a big person bending over her bed. The big person stretched out two long arms and took her up. Through the door she was carried, and then out into the street and away and away, so quickly that she forgot everything in her fright.

When Maryanna dared to look again she saw that the big person had carried her into a house, and into a bright room, which she knew was a nursery. On the nursery floor sat a dear little girl with short black hair and big dark eyes. The dear little girl got up quickly and said: "Oh, mother, darling!, what have you brought me " Very carefully the big person opened her cloak and held out—Maryanna. "Oh! Oh!" cried the dear little girl. "A doll like a fairy," "A doll, indeed!" thought Maryanna. "I'll soon show her"; and she opened her mouth—at least, she tried not and found she couldn't. She tried to kick, and couldn't. "How blue her eyes are!" cried the dear little girl. "How beautiful her long goldy hair! I shall call her Forget-me-not." And she hugged Maryanna close to her.

"Oh, dear me! I've been turned into a doll," thought Maryanna, "and I shall never be a little girl again. All because I was empty-headed." She stared and stared with her forget-me-not eyes. "Will her eyes close?" said the dear little girl, and she shook Maryanna to see. "I won't be treated so," thought Maryanna. "I will speak." She tried so hard to speak that quite suddenly her head came off and rolled on to the nursery floor.

"Her head's come off," cried the dear little girl. "Oh, what a pity! What shall I do? Then she said, "Perhaps she has something inside her head," and she picked up Maryanna's head and looked inside. "No, there's nothing at all," she said; "it's quite empty," and she laid Maryanna down and began to play with some very old and faded dolls.

At that minute Maryanna heard a voice saying, "Is Maryanna better now?' and there she was in her bed, and her head feeling queer and heavy, and mother bending over her. "Yes, yes! And not empty-headed any more, mummy dear," she cried. And, with her hot little arms, she squeezed mother very tightly. "What's happened?" said mother. And Maryanna told her of the dreadful adventure. "But I'm not really a doll, and I'm not empty-headed any more," said Maryanna, nodding her head a lot to make sure that it was safe.—Vivian T. Pomeroy.

Hearts are sometimes as hungry to know of their own good influence as a young bride who in all the ecstacy of her wedding gayeties wished she could be on the sidewalk to see herself ride by in the limousine.

There is never a right time to be wrong, but there is a time to right a wrong, and that is now.

MILLS COLLEGE

The Woman's College of the Pacific Coast.

Liberal Arts and Sciences.
Domestic Arts and Science.
Campus of 139 acres.

Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, Ph. D.

President

MILLS COLLEGE, **Oakland, California.**

Kindergarten Normal School

State Accredited List.

Miss Barnard's Kindergarten Normal School is now in its permanent home at

2748 ASHBY AVE., BERKELEY.

June 17 a Continuous Year Class Will be Formed.

Address:
Miss Grace Everett Barnard,
Berkeley, Cal.

Pomona College

JAMES A. BLAISDELL, President.
EDWIN C. NORTON, Dean.

Pomona College is a co-educational institution located in Southern California among the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains in the orange-growing belt thirty-five miles from Los Angeles, with direct steam and electric connection with that city. The College offers the degree of Bachelor of Arts and puts at the service of students a peculiarly inspiring environment, the co-operation of a large faculty and the use of ample facilities.

For literature and information address Professor H. E. Robbins, Claremont, Cal.

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

BERKELEY

Seat of the University of California.

Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low.

Address **PRESIDENT. C. S. Nash, D.D.**

To Reduce the High Cost of Living

Send for our Wholesale to Consumer's Price List of General family supplies.—SMITHS' CASH STORE, 108 Clay St., San Francisco, California, U. S. A.